# THE
# Asses Complaint against Balaam;

## Or the Cry of the
# COUNTRY
## AGAINST
# Ignorant and Scandalous Ministers.

*To the Reverend Bishops.*

YEE *mitred Members* of the *House* of *Peers*,
The *Kings Churchwardens*, and *Gods Overseers*,
*Fathers* in *Christ*, we your poor *Children* cry
Oh give us *Bread of Life*, or else we *die*.
For we are burd'ned with our *old Sir Johns*,
Who when we ask for *Bread* do give us *stones*;
And only *cant* a *Homily* or two,
Which *Daws* and *Parrots* may be taught to doe:
*Drunkards Cannonicall*, *Unhallowed Bears*,
That name *God* oftner in their *oaths* then *Prayers*.
Into what darkneſſe will our Church be hurld
If ſuch as theſe be call'd *The light o'th' world*?
Theſe that have nought to prove themſelves devout
Save only this, *That Cromwell turnd them out*.
Miſtake us nor, we do not mean thoſe loyall
And learned ſoules, who in the fiery tryall
Sufferd for *King* and *conſcience ſake*, let ſuch
Have double honour, we ſhall nere think much;
But this our tender conſcience diſapproves,
That *Ravens* ſhould return as well as *Doves*;
And *croak* in *Pulpits* once again to bring
A ſecond Judgment on our *Church* and *King*.
Though *England* doth not fear another loſſe,
'Cauſe *God* hath *burnd* his Rods at *Charing croſſe*;
Yet *Clergy ſins* may call him to the Doore
Ev'n him who *whip'd* and *ſcourg'd* them out before.
Oh therefore ye that read the ſacred Laws
Eject their *Perſons*, and diſown their cauſe:
*God*, and the *King* have both condemnd this crew,
Then let them not be *patroniz'd* by *you*.
'Tis not their *Caſſocks*, nor their *Surplices*
We quarrell at, there is no hurt in theſe;
We own their *Decency*, yet every *Foole*
Cannot be call'd a *Monk* that weares a *Cowle*;
Were *grace*, and *learning* wanting (by your leaves)
We would not pin our faith on your *Lawn ſleeves*;
[illegible], and thoſe *ſacred words*
Become a *Churchman* beſt, THAT THAT my Lords
Which pious *Baxter* makes his livery,
*Would all our Curates were but ſuch as he!*
Pardon my *Lords*, we do not make this ſtir
To vindicate the *factious Presbyter*;
We hate his ways, and equally diſown
The *zealous Rebell*, as the *Idle Droan*;
And beg as oft to be deliver'd from
The *Kirk* of *Scotland*, as the *Sea* of *Rome*;
We pray for *Biſhops* too, Oh may ye ſtand
To heale the ſad diſtractions of the Land;
Then give us *Prieſts* loyall and painfull too,
To give to *Caeſar*, and to us our due.

God ſave King *Charles* our Chriſtian faiths Defender,
And bring Religion to its wonted Splendour.

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